July 5, 1833

Today we got a lot of our traveling done in easy time. We started at Old Franklin and finished up at the Oregon Trail Junction. We made mince meat out of the trail. There was no problem going on that trail. That night was an unlucky night though. We got jumped by a large group of Indians called the Mohawks. They took everything we had even the wagon. We had to make it all the way to Council Grove which was way too long to do on foot. We just started to walk and hope to have a miracle. We just kept walking and walking until we saw a large moving object which we did not know what it was since we were so tired. The large thing came to us and pulled us on, then I fainted. When I woke up it came clear to me that I was on a wagon. When I went to see who it was I was shocked because it was my very good friend Bucky Jones. Then he said “you are so lucky I know who you are or I would have stolen whatever you had”. “your too late the Indians already did” I said. I knew Bucky way to well to not know that he’s going to do something stupid to get what he wants. Bucky Jones put his wagon in to full gear. We found my wagon but there was fifty of them and ten of us. Bucky got out and just reasoned with them and got me back my wagon. That was the first time Bucky didn’t do something stupid. Me and my family got back on track and got into full speed to make up lost time. That was one crazy day.

By

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